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DRAWING OF

POSTS

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# Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning with D

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Daly, Tom

THE SECOND COMING -  
A. LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY FANCY

"Clutching their bosomed wealth  
they made their cry"

On this day 27 years ago, when  
Woodrow Wilson was being harried—  
as all our War-Presidents have been—  
by snarling self-seekers, we topped  
our column with a bit of verse en-  
titled "The Second Coming—A Lin-  
coln's Birthday Fancy, 1917." Three  
of the five stanzas ran thus:

Clutching their bosomed wealth they made  
their cry:

"Oh, that great Lincoln's strong, unbend-  
ing frame

Might loom against this wild, war-crimsoned  
sky!"

And Lincoln came . . .

He bent on them his cryptic smile once  
more;

He gave them timely truth in rough-hewn  
jests

And laid accusing finger on the sore  
In their own breasts.

And all his words Greed's ancient armor  
found,

And all his words rebuilt dismantled  
years,

For lo! the faces circling him around  
Grew dark with sneers.

TOM DALY

*Phila Bulletin*

2-12-44

TO THE PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

Some legend dwells within each sculptured rock;  
Fair history lingers in each furrowed crest,  
Of ancient earth by some convulsive shock,  
Upheaved at Nature's unprovoked behest.  
Thus in all crevices in earth's fair breast,  
In every terrace born of glaciers cold,  
In all frail striae that deck the sable crest;  
Of wandering boulders, lies the story old  
Of previous laws and powers—phenomena untold.

So in each lineament of the human face,  
Lies the unwritten story of long years  
Of vice or virtue no art may erase:  
The history of sorrows, joys, or fears.  
Oh, noble father! theme of passionate tears!  
Most reverend of martyrs bold and brave!  
In thy well-moulded features truth appears  
In holy vantage:—the untimely grave  
Defaces not the fame inferiors may crave.

GORDON A. DAMON.

## "Huey Long"

He dreams the dream of Brotherhood,  
Sacred are men to him.  
He knows the cause of broken lives,  
He sees the cause of sin.  
He knows the trials that greed hath wrought,  
His wisdom never errs.  
His is the heart that yearns for truth,  
His is the heart that cares.  
He sees unlawful fortunes stand,  
Their owners mad for gain,  
While youth and little children cry  
From this, our country's stain.  
His great heart, so like Lincoln's heart,  
So tender, true, sincere.  
His loving hands at Christ's command  
Would wipe away each tear.

Oh! Give him strength to battle on,  
As Lincoln did before,  
Immune to greed and evil's dart,  
To open Freedom's door.  
Yours are the eyes to see the light,  
Yours are the ears to hear,  
Yours is the soul in which Christ dwells,  
Your message knows no fear.  
Each pen of bard, and songster's voice  
Would sing your praise in song.  
But the great God who fathers all  
Is guiding Huey Long.

—By DAVID DANIEL,  
Long Beach, California.

*Ames Review April 1935*

. LINCOLN.

A bee can gather honey  
From blossoms of a plant  
Whose leaves are rife with poison  
Which death alone could grant.  
So Lincoln's soul was nourished  
By sorrow, grief and loss.  
And One whom he resembled  
Was lifted by a cross.

HAZEL I. DANNECKER.  
New Castle.



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We print, by request, the following ode on Abraham Lincoln. It is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Davenport of Waterbury, and was read by him at the Bridgeport meeting of the Connecticut society of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, on the 100th anniversary of Lincoln's birthday:

The world has said  
That "Lincoln is dead,"  
That his spirit has flown  
From the sorrows here known  
Where the pitiless tempest broke over his head.  
In fact we beheld him, with fast-closed eyes,  
Laid low on the couch whence he never should rise,  
And the cheeks were sunken, the lips were still,  
And the rugged hands were pale and chill,  
And there was no throbbing of pulse or breath,  
And we mournfully murmured, "This is death!"

The walls about him portraits bore  
Of the great and honored ones of yore;  
Founders, patriots, chiefs were there,  
Faces of rulers, grand and rare,  
Men who the city's praises share.  
And into his face they all looked down  
From the height of their splendor and renown,  
Looked inquiringly, "Why just here  
In this lustrous spot have they set thy bier?"  
What is thy name?  
What is thy claim  
To a place with us, the sons of fame?"  
But he, the grandest man of time,  
Wakened not from his sleep sublime.

And past his couch the city swept,  
And strong men groaned and women wept;  
Adown hard faces stole the tear,  
For both the peasant and the peer  
With sorrow unrestrained drew near.  
From many a hand sweet blossoms fell,  
The giver's tender love to tell,  
Forget-me-nots of heavenly blue,  
And violets of rarest hue,  
Rose-red buds with their lips apart,  
Lilies as pure as a maiden's heart,  
That told the tale of affection true  
And whispered of deepest reverence due.  
But, undeneath the robe of flowers  
He slept through all the mournful hours,  
Nor murmured thanks for favors shown,  
Nor noted the ceaseless sob and moan!  
So silent he lay on his stately bed  
We knew that the princely man was dead!

And forth they bore him with tender hands,  
Their swords enswathed in funeral bands,  
And dirges swelled, and muffled drums  
Sadly announced, "The hero comes!"  
And heads were bared, and tears like rain  
Disclosed the city's love and pain!  
And history, in great Bancroft, told  
The story of the man enrolled  
With knights and conquerors of old.  
Of him Whittier sang a noble strain  
Of him who'd joined the martyr train:

"Oh, slow to smite, and swift to spare,  
Gentle and merciful and just!  
Who in the fear of God didst bear  
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

Pure was thy life; its bloody close  
Hath placed thee with the sons of  
light,  
Among the noble host of those  
Who perished in the cause of Right."

And while the thousands reverent stood,  
He passed from view, the great, the good.  
"Good night," a legend him addressed,  
"And angels wing thee to thy rest!"  
Homeward we turned with drooping head,  
And with our grief-choked voices said,  
"Our loved and honored chief is dead!"

They bore him to the prairied west  
And left him to his glorious rest,  
Unrippled peace within his breast;  
Pillowed forever on the love  
Of earth below and heaven above;  
Honored as none has been before  
On this his native western shore.  
A mighty nation its blessing shed  
On its president, saviour, hero, dead!  
The years have passed as a troubled dream  
Since from our vision faded the gleam  
Of the splendid pageant, draped in woe,  
That bore our chief, when his work was done.

Toward his dreamless rest 'neath the setting sun,  
There to sleep while the centuries flow!  
And the world its dews of grief has shed  
O'er the marble couch of the mighty dead!

What have I said?  
Is Lincoln dead?  
For him has there no trumpet blown?  
Has he no resurrection known?  
If not, what means the vast display  
Upon this anniversary day  
Of music, oratory, praise?  
Why is the land with flags ablaze?  
Why floats on every breeze his name?  
While glowing lips declare his fame  
And all his excellence proclaim?  
Why do the nation's chiefs to-day  
The broad and firm foundations lay  
Of noble structures that shall rise  
Far toward the sympathetic skies,  
And in their grand proportions tell,  
To generations yet unborn,  
Of him we know and love so well,  
Whose memory naught can more adorn?  
Why does our literature rehearse  
In stately period, glowing verse,  
In terms as lustrous as sincere,  
His simple and sublime career?  
And why does music pour its strains  
In melodies whose note enchains  
As it his regal worth maintains?  
Why turns the statesman to the page  
Illumined with his utterance sage,  
Seeking the vision he attained,  
The secret of the height he gained?  
Why both from lordly marble hall,  
And from the smoke-stained cabin wall,  
Peer forth the features, rough yet kind,  
Bright with the radiance of the mind  
That ever sought the truth to find,  
And softened by the generous heart  
That never knew deception's art?  
Why stays the nation from its toil  
To honor him, who from the soil,  
Unaided by the claims of birth,  
Rose to the loftiest peak of earth?  
Why hastes the world to yield him praise,  
Marking his anniversary days  
As points of light that throw their rays  
Over time's oft unfruitful ways,  
Awaking in cathedrals old  
The stately words that half unfold  
The story that can ne'er be told?  
Bidding the flags of all the earth  
Unfurl their splendor for the birth  
Of him who came with matchless worth?  
Is so much thought and favor shed  
Over a hero pulseless, dead?

No, Lincoln lives! His life intense  
The Union that he saved cements  
Into the twentieth century strides  
This tallest, tenderest of our guides;  
It feels his genial, generous power,  
His spirit moulds its every hour.  
No loftier, dearer figure stands  
Within our circling oceans' strands;  
Honored adown Pacific's shore  
As where Atlantic's billows roar;  
Praised where the lakes uplift their waves,  
As where the gulf its corals laves;  
Beneath the Rockies' purple shade  
As in the sunny southern glade.  
In stately legislative halls,  
Where conscience pleads and justice calls,  
And light from hoary wisdom falls;  
Where commerce plans her purpose broad  
And guards from folly and from fraud;  
Where kings of industry combine  
With enterprise as shrewd as fine;  
Beneath the classic college dome,  
As in the lowly laborer's home;  
With men of sterling weight and worth  
Mellowed by Lincoln's genial mirth;  
With fervid, glowing souls that still  
With Lincoln's melting pathos thrill;  
He lives, he moves, he gently sways  
Amid these twentieth century days.  
No spirit such as he can die!  
With him traits immortal lie;  
Traits linking him with brother man  
Of every race and tribe and clan;  
Traits linking him with God above  
In tenderest sympathy and love!  
We crown him as the finest bloom  
To which our soil has given room;  
The great republic's grandest son,  
Both now and while the ages run!

Then on this anniversary day  
Let all to him their homage pay!  
Let north and south with joy combine  
Their richest honors to entwine  
And in their wealth his soul enshrine!  
Let east to west his growing fame  
By lightning messenger proclaim;  
While prairie vast with myriad strings  
His lofty life and labor sings,  
And ocean waves their chorus blend  
To liberty's undying friend,  
And far abroad, in sunrise lands,  
Where proudly now our flag expands  
With stars preserved by Lincoln's hands,  
Let those emancipated know  
To whom their glorious boon they owe!  
While sovereigns all in him behold  
A monarch of superior mould!  
Kentucky, well be thou elate,  
Our honored Lincoln's native state!  
And Illinois, a holy trust  
Is thine to keep his sacred dust!  
America, exult and sing,  
And praises lift to heaven's King,  
For that a century ago,  
A priceless gift He did bestow,  
Whose worth, while ages onward flow,  
More and more fully earth will know!

*Hartford Times*



"As year on year falls from the  
gnarled hands of time;

## Lincoln

As year on year falls from the  
gnarled hands of time;  
As deeper sinks into the past thy  
natal day,  
The beauty and the glory of thy  
life sublime  
Still brighter grows, to guide the  
world 'neath Freedom's sway.

O, wondrous man! Alone, above the  
mass ye stand!  
A towering rock, whose base is  
bedded in the sea,  
Where war's wild waves were dashed  
and spent upon the strand—  
There broken, tamed by strength  
that God had given thee.

No hate, no malice dwelt within thy  
rugged breast,  
But Charity, sweet Mercy's soul,  
was ever there;  
Ye bore the nation's grief, which on  
thy heart was pressed,  
And strove to dry its tears with  
loving, tender care.

"Of and for the people!" Those  
words must never die!  
They ever bear the hope of Free-  
dom's dawn and birth,  
And thunder down the years—the  
people's battle cry—  
A pledge that "Freedom shall not  
perish from the earth!"

O, gentle soul, so meek, so strong in  
God's own grace,  
An aureole of beauty gilds thy  
martyred brow,  
And glorifies with time that sad and  
careworn face  
That all the world with love,  
esteems and honors now.

Let us thy life repay with more than  
a mere grave;  
Let us resolve our land forever  
shall be free,  
And let Columbia know the greatest  
gift she gave  
Was when she bore, and on her  
bosom nurtured thee.

W. H. H. DAVENPORT :

*Buffalo Courier-Express*

2/12/37

## Abraham Lincoln

(Written for the Illinois State Register

by GAYLORD DAVIDSON) 2-12-1925

Christlike he was. So very like  
The Risen Christ that e'en his cross, each spike  
That bore his stricken form, are ours. And lands  
That know him now are stretching forth gaunt hands.

He was our Lincoln, and ours today.  
And when the world storm dashed its bloody spray  
Far up the heights, e'en 'gainst our shore,  
He rose above, far mightier than before.

He is our Lincoln. And in majestic sleep  
He lives. Let us the eager vigil keep  
Of deathless love. He sealed the cannon's mouth.  
And kneeling at his shrine—a New Born South.

(NOTE: Mr. Davidson, formerly of Springfield, is now agency manager for the Western Reserve Life Insurance Co. of Muncie, Indiana.)

### TIMELY LINCOLN SERMON IN LINCOLN'S OWN WORDS

Die when I may. I want it said of me by those who  
knew me best that I always plucked a thistle and planted a  
flower where I thought a flower would grow.

—Abraham Lincoln.

## ILL. PRESS CLIPPING SERVICE

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PAPER Republican  
TOWN Carthage, ILL.  
DATE Feb 12, 1946

## LINCOLN

February 12, 1809 April 14 (Good Friday) 1865

Not quite the measure of the Psalmist's span—  
'Three-score years and ten. Yet, through it ran  
The epic of a humble man of earth  
Facing America's travail in "freedom's new birth."

in Kentucky wilds, lone cabin, bare,  
There came to earth this child of care.  
A tale soon told—no riches' lure—  
"The short and simple annals of the poor."

Another child, no place to lay His head,  
With Mary mild, humbled in manger bed.  
For new born King there was no room . . .  
Fear crazed Herod . . . sensing doom. . .

"He that is greatest among you shall your servant be."  
'Thus spake the King of Kings, the King of Humility.  
From dark Gethsemane so far a cry?  
In loneliness to live,—in martyrdom to die.

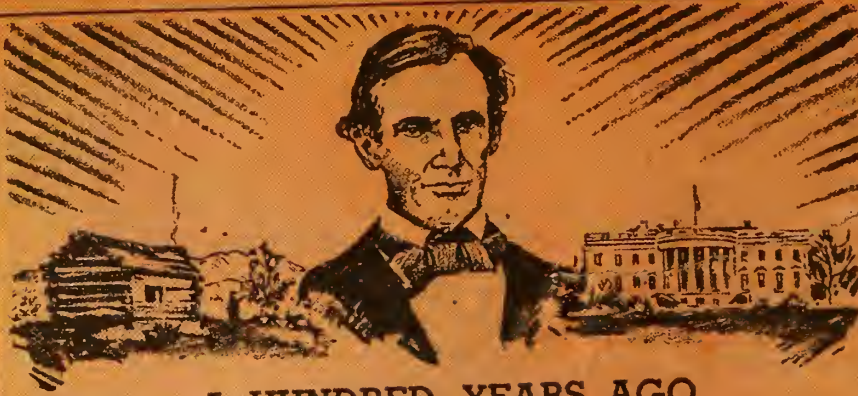
The brothers' war . . . its hideous loss . . .  
The assassin's hand . . . stark Calvary . . . the Cross.

At Gettysburg o'er fresh-turned clay  
Where slept the brothers, Blue and Gray,  
Lincoln, in deathless prophecy  
Heralded, "WORLD LIBERTY" . . . TODAY.

*Gay Davidson*

Minneapolis, February, 1946.



*Los Angeles Times 2/6/38*

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BY HELEN WOLFE DAVIES

A hundred years ago, in Thirty-Eight,

Bystanders heard him speak, and nodded slow,

Remarking on his fairness in debate,

Amazed that wisdom should so simply grow.

He lived in Springfield then, a statesman new.

Absorbed in betterment of public laws:

Made happy by the good he found to do.

Like one whose heart is pledged to some great cause . . .

I want to think of Lincoln in his youth,

Not saddened yet by war, perplexed by fears,

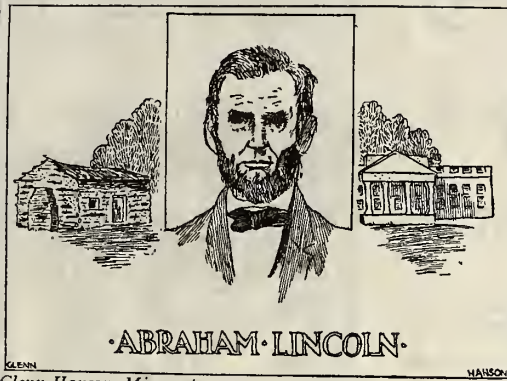
Chaotic victories and grievous truth,

Oppressed by silent men and widows' tears.

Let me believe he was not always so,

Nor quite forget one-hundred years ago.

"I'm growing tired of winter with  
its cold and snowy ways,



Glenn Hanson, Minnesota

*From log cabin to White House*

### Weary of Winter

BY JAMES DAVIS

*I'm growing tired of winter with its cold and snowy ways;  
It's getting so I hate to face the long, monotonous days.  
There is no change—no let-up. How I dread the blinding  
snow!*

*I think I'm going crazy by a process cruel and slow.  
But these, you know, are just my thoughts while walking  
home from school.*

*I really love the winter, though it is supercool.*

*I love the games and outdoor sports that come with winter's  
reign.*

*I try to think of pleasant things instead of all the pain.*

*I'm growing tired of winter? No, my heart just seems  
to bleat*

*About the thorn with every rose. . . . But aren't the  
roses sweet!*

—(Age 16) Iowa.



## Governor Quinby's Remarks.

New Hampshire today joins with other states of our Union in doing honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln on this hundredth anniversary of his birth. He was reared amid privations and poverty; his pathway was enveloped in an atmosphere of sadness; his death was a sacrifice on the altar of his country and his reward a martyr's crown.

The first week in March of next year, 1910, will mark the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Lincoln's visit to New Hampshire. He came to place his son, Robert T. Lincoln, in our famous school, Phillips-Exeter academy, but he was prevailed upon to make a few speeches upon the questions of the day in the principal cities of the state. He was not then a presidential candidate or even a candidate for the presidential nomination, but the depth, dignity and power of those addresses convinced many of his hearers that the next President of the United States stood before them.

Among the many names on the roll of New Hampshire's famous and talented sons is that of Judge Noah Davis, who was born in Haverhill, this state, in 1813, and died in New York city in 1902. He was a friend of Abraham Lincoln, and assisted in his nomination for the presidency. Many years ago Judge Davis wrote, in twenty-eight lines of blank verse, this life of Lincoln, which historians and critics have called as complete as it is concise, as true as it is eloquent:

Almost a hundred years ago, in a lonely hut,  
Of the dark and bloody ground of wild Kentucky,

A child was born to poverty and toil,  
Save in the sweet prophecy of mother's love,

None dreamed of future fame for him!

'Mid deep privation and in rugged toil,  
He grew unschooled to vigorous youth.

His teaching was an ancient spelling book,  
The Holy Writ, "The Pilgrim's Progress,"

Old "Aesop's Fables" and the "Life of Washington;"

And out of these, stretched by the hearthstone flame

For lack of other light, he garnered lore  
That filled his soul with faith in God.

The prophet's fire, the psalmist's music deep,

The pilgrim's zeal throughout his steadfast march.

The love of fellow man as taught by Christ,

And all the patriot faith and truth  
Marked the Father of our Land!

And there, in all his after life, in thought

And speech and act, resonant concords  
were in his great soul.

And, God's elect, he calmly rose to awful power.

Restored his mighty land to smiling peace,

Then, with the martyr blood of his own life,

Baptized the millions of the free.

Henceforth, the ages hold his name  
high writ

And deep on their eternal rolls.

"Oh thou, that on this April day  
Went down the bitter road to death,  
See now thy people stumble on the way  
To keep what thou hast wrought.

More proudly doth our Sangamon wind  
Past thy monument to the sea.  
But ah the hearts of men will find  
No marble white enough for thee."

Yet, Oh Lincoln -

As in your strange world of many contradictions,  
We wrestle in a groping search to find  
The secret of your life's benedictions -  
Were they bestowed on matter, on spirit or on mind?

And, Oh soul of Lincoln -

As we would-bes, and might-have-beens and maybes,  
Ask the power to solve life by your startling subtlety,  
Down your days you say to us, "It is too great a task,"  
And at the grave you leave us - mystery."



# I am the UNITED STATES

BY BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

**FOR** 150 years all the peoples of the earth have held me as a hope in their eyes.

Every revolution in the last 150 years that had for its aim more freedom has modeled its laws on my Constitution.

From the four corners of the earth people of all colors, religions and races have set sail to make their home under the folds of Old Glory.

In 150 years I have raised the level of wages and living to the highest point ever attained in all historic time.

I have given more persons opportunities to raise themselves, under my individualistic-capitalistic-free-enterprise system, from menial to commanding positions than any other nation in the world, past or present.

I have guaranteed to each and all, native and foreign, free speech, a free pen, freedom of religion and trial by jury.

I have abolished slavery and succored the victims of flood, famine and earthquake everywhere on earth.

I have given the world the greatest symbol for all time of revolt against oppression—George Washington.

I have given the world the greatest expounder of individualistic democracy and personal freedom in the history of mankind—Thomas Jefferson.

I have given the world the greatest symbol of a liberator of an enslaved people and the most humane ruler in time of civil war that history records—Abraham Lincoln.

I have made the words *liberty* and *America* synonymous.

I have given the world in a Congress, a Supreme Court and an Executive the best-balanced governmental setup in history.

No call from an oppressed people has ever gone unanswered by me.

When I have made mistakes—and I have made some great ones—I have admitted them finally and tried to rectify whatever injustice may have flowed from them.

My mighty rivers, my towering mountains, my prairies, my forests and my oceans have been open to travel for all my people without police permits or a spy system.

I was born in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776.

I gave the world its model Constitution on September 17, 1787.

I froze, shoeless, in the snow at Valley Forge.

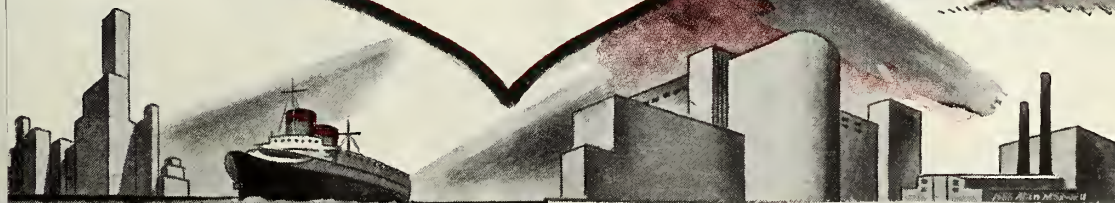
I hung on by a hair for my life at Gettysburg.

I freed Europe and myself from the deadly menace of Prussian militarism in 1917-18.

Today I lift myself to my full proud height and proclaim that I who froze at Valley Forge and battled for my life at Gettysburg shall lay in the dust those enemies who again seek to enslave me. For—

**I AM DEMOCRACY IN ACTION!**

**I AM THE UNITED STATES!**



## MARTYRS OF LIBERTY.

BY GRACE DE LA VERITE.

O, Liberty, thou hast thy martyrs!  
The noble, the brave, and the free!  
And ever the best and the purest,  
Have poured out their life-blood for thee!

Once Sparta and Rome had their heroes,  
Who laid down their lives at thy shrine,  
And laurels have sprung from their ashes,  
Thy temples that ever entwine.

Thy Wallace, and Russel, and Emmet,  
Were willing to suffer and die,  
That flames on thy altars continue,  
And nations be lightened thereby.

Away—in the youth of this nation  
Our fathers defended the right;  
Pulaski and Warren were martyrs,  
That we might rejoice in thy light.

And now in the days that are present,  
Thy standard unsullied to eave, [Ellsworth  
John Brown, thine own champion, and  
And Winthrop—how sadly we gave.

And thousands as loved and as cherished,  
Have gone forth as freely to die;  
And Rachel is sad for her children,  
And pierces the air with her cry.

We've offered our noblest and dearest,  
Such victims as these must suffice—  
But harken! another is called for,  
Whose blood as sweet incense shall rise!

Ah, Liberty, who is this martyr?  
Our LINCOLN, the gentle and wise?  
Our LINCOLN, the loved of the nation,  
Most precious and last sacrifice!



Denison, Florence

MARY TODD LINCOLN

"Across a tragic page of  
history"

Honoring Lincoln's birthday Florence Denison feels it might not be amiss—just this once—to say a few words for—

*Chicago Tribune*  
2/11 Mary Todd Lincoln.

Across a tragic page of history  
She passed, in bitterness and brooding fear.

Haughty and arrogant in her crinoline.

Within her tortured, bitter soul appear

Doubt and distress and desolate despair

Clouding a life that promised to be fair.

Yet the orbit of her obdurate will  
Propinquity, ambition, love, or fate,  
Drew with resistless power the soul  
of one

Destined to stand forever with the great.

*Chicago Tribune*

MARY O'CONNER, THE VOLUNTEER'S  
WIFE.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

An' shure I was tould to come bere to yer honor,  
To see if you'd write a few words to me Pat;  
He's gone for a sojer, is Mister O'Conner,  
Wid a stripe on his arm and a band to his hat,

An' what'll you tell him? It ought to be aisy  
For such as your honor to spake wid a pen,  
And say that I'm all right, and that mavourneen Dalsey,  
(The baby, your honor), is better agen.

For when he went off, it's so sick was the childer,  
She niver held up her blue eyes to his face.  
And when I'd be cryin', he'd look but the wilder,  
And say would I wish for the country's disgrace!

So he left her in danger, and me sorely grievin',  
And followed the flag wid an Irishman's joy.  
Oh! it's often I drame of the great drums a beating,  
And a bullet gone straight to the heart of me boy.

And say will he send me a bit of his money,  
For the rint and the doctor's bill, due in a week,  
Well, surely, there's tears on your eyelashes honey,  
Ah! faith I've no right with such freedom to speak.

You're overmuch trifling—I'll not give yon trouble;  
I'll find some one willing;—oh! what can it be?  
What's that in the newspaper folded up double?  
Yer honor—don't hide it—but read it to me.

What! Patrick O'Conner? no, no, it's some other;  
Dead! dead!—no not him, 'tis a week scarce gone by;  
Dead! dead!—why the kiss on the cheek of his mother—  
It hasn't had time yet, your honor, to dry.

Don't tell me—it's not him—O God! am I crazy?  
Saot dead!—oh! for love of sweet heaven say no;  
An' what'll I do in the world wid poor Dalecy?  
Oh! how will I live, and O! where will I go?

The room is so dark—I'm not seein', your honor,  
I—think—I'll go bome; and a sob quick and dry  
Came sharp from the bosom of Mary O'Conner,  
But never to her eye, a tear-drop welled up.

Primary Education - Popular Educator

February, 1929.

**A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN**

From humble parentage and poverty, old Nature  
reared him,

And the world beheld her ablest, noblest man;  
Few were his joys and many and terrible his trials,

But grandly he met them as only true great souls can.  
Our nation's martyr—pure, honest, patient, tender—

Thou who did'st suffer agony e'en for the slave,  
Our flag's defender, our brave immortal teacher!

I lay this humble tribute on thy honored grave.

—Paul DeVere

DeVere, Paul

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

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Nebraska Special Day Program  
August 1913

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New Mexico State School 1909-1910

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*Lincoln's  
Foster Mother*

**By Ethel Barnett de Vito**

What did I know of Abe? What can  
be seen  
In any child one comes to foster-  
mother—  
Solemn and pinched, wise-eyed as  
any other  
That has looked on death, so knows  
what life must mean.

At first I only knew the lad was quick  
And warmed to love as flowers warm  
to sun,  
That tasks to do were well and  
swiftly done,  
That now and again wry wit would  
sharply flick.

But even then his face belied the  
laughter,  
His face where torment lay as  
though the strain  
Of something that I knew not until  
after  
As greatness, took it out of him in  
pain.  
More fool was I to wait so long to  
trace  
The truth that from the start lay on  
his face.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



## LINCOLN

By Martin De Vries

Lincoln!

Yesterday human tongues pronounced you dead;  
Our hearts were moved to sorrow and despair.  
Today you live! Man of Genius, we rejoice  
To know that the immortality of your soul  
Reveals a light with an inextinguishable flame,  
That burns through the ages, and marks in you  
The symbol of nobility, which unveiled, beholds  
The defender of humanity in man.

Immortal Lincoln!

Your soul of kindness endows humanity with love;  
Your beautiful faith in the triumph of righteousness  
Reigns supreme! With you administration of right  
Is law, which serves as the vigilant guardian  
Of your fellowmen. It is an emblem of justice  
Emblazoned in that eternal voice, which ever rings  
Its challenge to wrong, and discloses protectorship  
Of the sanctity of man.

Lincoln! Immortal Lincoln!

Your malice towards humanity is tenderness,  
A truth avowing that sovereignty of the soul  
In man endures! Precepts of your worthy life  
Preserve an influence of hope, whose force,  
Unloosed,—bids men to follow the mission of life,  
So that the echoes of their deeds may resound  
Through all time,—and like you, be hailed  
A champion of true greatness.

MARTIN De VRIES,  
Tranquillity, California.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Charles M. Dickneon, in The Binghamton Republican.

If any one hath doubt or fear  
That this is Freedom's chosen clime—  
That God hath sown and planted here  
The richest harvest field of Time—  
Let him take heart, throw off his fears,  
As he looks back a hundred years.

Cities and fields and wealth untold,  
With equal rights before the law;  
And, better than all lands and gold—  
Such as the old world never saw—  
Freedom and peace, the right to be—  
And honor to those who made us free.

Our greatness did not happen so;  
We owe it not to chance or fate;  
In furnace heat, by blow on blow,  
Were forged the things that make us great;  
And men still live who bore that heat,  
And felt those deadly hammers beat.

Not in the pampered courts of kings,  
Not in the homes that rich men keep,  
God calls His Davids with their slings,  
Or wakes His Samuels from their sleep;  
But from the homes of toil and need  
Calls those who serve as well as lead.

Such was the hero of our race;  
Skilled in the school of common things,  
He felt the sweat on Labor's face,  
He knew the pinch of want, the stings  
The bondman felt, and all the wrong  
The weak had suffered from the strong.

God passed the waiting centuries by,  
And kept him for our time of need—  
To lead us with his courage high—  
To make our country free indeed;  
Then, that he be by none surpassed,  
God crowned him martyr at the last.

Let speech and pen and song proclaim  
Our grateful praise this natal morn;  
Time hath preserved no nobler name,  
And generations yet unborn  
Shall swell the pride of those who can  
Claim Lincoln as their countryman.

## THE TALK OF THE DAY.

At one of the memorial meetings last night a man wore a badge bearing the portraits of Lincoln and Hamlin which his father had worn with a "Wide Awake" uniform in the first Lincoln campaign. Next to this, pinned on his coat, was an emancipation souvenir in the form of a white silk ribbon bearing a picture of Lincoln striking the chains from a slave. This was worn at a meeting in Albany soon after the Emancipation Proclamation was issued. The man wore also a Lincoln and Johnson campaign medal, bearing the portraits of the two candidates, and the mourning badge which his mother had fastened on his jacket when he went to school a few days after the assassination.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Charles M. Dickinson, in The Binghamton Republican.

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That this is Freedom's chosen clime—  
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In deference to complaints from their home musicians, the Swedish Parliament last October passed a law by which a tax of 5 per cent was imposed on all foreign operatic, theatrical and other entertainments, and one of 10 per cent on the salaries of foreign artists. The act has just gone into force, and it is causing much perturbation in Germany, for in the past most of the imported musicians in Sweden have been Germans. If the parliaments of Norway and Denmark pass similar measures to protect their native musicians—and fears are entertained that they will—the prospect for minor German players will indeed be bad.

"The automobile is a great institution."  
"For instance?"  
"You can sit up in it as you pass a friend and crawl under it when a creditor heaves into sight."  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Many lovers of seaweed have written—with the conclusion that we need never worry about the wheat supply so long as there is the sea," says "The London Chronicle." "A correspondent tells us that South Wales finds a particular sort of green seaweed on its coast. After being washed, it is boiled down, and made up—generally with oatmeal—into cakes, and eaten with bacon. It is called laver-bread, and is considered a great delicacy. So let us paddle with our children on our summer holiday and gather the year's income."  
—1/15/09

CONGER



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

My mother told me of this man  
In early childhood at her knee;  
I took him for my hero then,

14

And still his deeds are dear to me.  
His humble birth,  
His sterling worth,  
And spotless life my breast doth thrill;  
His tragic lot  
By traitor shot  
Doth make me sad and ever will.

He was born in a small log hut  
In the woods of a Southern land,  
Where mountains rear their lofty heads.  
Where rivers gurgled o'er the sand.

This lowly son  
Was Nature's chosen one;  
She had a work for him to do;  
Sublime and great  
By the decree of fate;  
To God and man his heart beat true.

This homely toiler, tall and gaunt,  
Split fence rails in the forest wild,  
For he could use the maul and axe,  
The things he play'd with when a child.  
His hands were tough,  
His mien was rude and rough,  
But his great soul was clean and just,  
And full of love  
That came from heaven above—  
Love never marred by greed or lust.

There came a change to this rude man  
Of giant frame and rugged face;  
The nation asked for a true man,  
A lover of the human race,  
To guide the state  
Through storm and war and hate;  
To save his country, strong and brave,  
Rose Lincoln, then,  
The godliest of men,  
To do his work and gain a grave.

15

Over

By. Arthur Orison Dillon

Dillon, Arthur O.

The Great Emancipator

"He sav'd the nation, freed  
the slaves --"

Normal Plans and Primary Instructor

February, 1924.

**The Great Emancipator**

By Arthur O. Dillon

He sav'd the nation, freed the slaves,  
And spoke kind words to everyone;  
He wiped away the tears of grief,  
And thus all hearts by him were  
won.

This man uncouth  
Embodiment of truth,  
Ranks with the foremost of the ages.  
His deeds divine  
Will ever shine  
The fairest on our history's pages.

This man whose heart and mind were  
pure,

This product of the common poor,  
Touches our hearts and him we love,  
His rugged face, sad and demure,  
Tells us a story  
Of tragedy and glory.

He died but left a glorious name,  
The symbol of the right,  
And mounted honor's height,  
Immortal in our country's fame.



**Lincoln of Illinois**

-:-

**By Gregory  
T. Dillon**

<i>Tall, silent stranger of the Sangamon;</i>	<i>So wise, yet blessed with an eternal youth</i>	<i>A homely man of slow and awkward gait</i>
<i>Our Prairie President from Illinois,</i>	<i>That found strange solace in the simple songs</i>	<i>Who, common born, attained a kingly goal</i>
<i>Man of sorrow, who, in 'sixty-one,</i>	<i>Of Negro folk, this earnest seeker of the truth;</i>	<i>Of holding in his hand a nation's fate</i>
<i>Strove to preserve what others would destroy,</i>	<i>This noble soul who sought to right all wrongs,</i>	<i>As strong, unfaltering master of its soul.</i>
<i>Stern, stalwart leader of the Union cause,</i>	<i>Discovered in the haunting harmony</i>	<i>The fires he kindled will forever burn</i>
<i>Hailed liberator of the shackled slaves</i>	<i>And wistfulness of some plantation air</i>	<i>Deep in the heart of every honored race,</i>
<i>And firm upholder of the nation's laws.</i>	<i>A challenge: Why should not all men be free?</i>	<i>For Lincoln is not dead; he will return</i>
<i>Who dared defy the wrath of fools and knaves.</i>	<i>His greatest act an answer to their prayer.</i>	<i>Year after year, in spirit, to this place.</i>

*Chicago Herald American**7/12/42*

Ditmars, Rembrandt William B.

Lincoln

"Birth seems like chance, and life appears uncertain:"

*Indianapolis News*

*2-12-35*

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**Lincoln.**

Birth seems like chance, and life appears uncertain:  
All living things express a force unbidden.  
Unconscious Nature never lifts the curtain;  
Men fumble at her door—the key is hidden.  
They call chance blind, and they themselves are blind:  
Great Nature's forces, unrestrained and free,  
Produced, by chance, this giant of mankind,  
And challenge man to solve his mystery.  
Spontaneous! Inspired! The perfect flower  
Of chance, he was by liberal Nature sent  
To lead man nobly, with unconscious power,  
And justify the law of accident.  
Titanic seer! And poet lovable!  
His life links Shakespeare's with the probable.  
—Rembrandt William B. Ditmars.

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His life links Shakespeare's with the probable!

—Bee Ditmars in New York Sun.

Nathan Haskell Dole contributes to the North American Review an ode entitled, "Banner Memories: A Lincoln Birthday Poem." Mr. Dole apostrophizes the flag of the United States which symbolizes the union for the preservation of which Lincoln strove, and he pays a tribute to Lincoln as the God-commissioned leader sent to guide his people through the wilderness. He writes:

"When in the seeming fatal ambush pent,  
His courage bade him, victory-haloed,  
onward press.

His heart was firm, his arms were stayed;  
Discouragement in vain assailed;  
Defeat still left him undismayed;

And thus the long hard passage to  
the Promised Land,  
In spite of cruel and malicious  
prophecies

And traitor's evil offices,  
Was made as his great heart and  
mind had planned.

"Yet, like the earlier Moses, he was not  
allowed,

With those he rescued from the foe,  
to stand

(With swift temptation to be proud)  
Upon the sacred soil.

His was the burden and the toil;  
And when the grapes of Eshcol purple-  
clustering,

The smiling pastures of the violet hills,  
The fertile plains, the shade-dispersing  
trees,

The cooling waters of the sweet fresh  
rills,

The fragrance of the blossom-sweeping  
breeze,

The sleepy murmur of the honey-storing  
bees,

After the desert sand-storms bluster-  
ing,

Offered their riches and he might find  
rest,

The assassin's weapon smote his friendly  
breast!"

## THE LADY PRESIDENT'S BALL.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"The lights in the President's mansion,  
The gas-lights cheery and red,  
I see them glowing and glancing  
As I toss on my wearisome bed;  
I see them flooding the windows,  
And, star-like, gemming the hall,  
Where the tide of fashion flows inward  
To the Lady-President's Ball!

"My temples are throbbing with fever,  
My limbs are palsied with pain,  
And the crash of that festal music  
Burns into my aching brain;  
Till I rave with delirious fancies,  
And coffin, and bier, and pall  
Mixed up with the flowers and laces  
Of my Lady-President's Ball!

"What matter that I, poor private,  
Lie here on my narrow bed,  
With fever gripping my vitals,  
And dazing my hapless head?  
What matters that nurses are callous  
And rations meagre and small,  
So long as the *beau monde* revel  
At the Lady-President's Ball!

"Who pities my poor old mother—  
Who comforts my sweet young wife—  
Alone in the distant city,  
With sorrow sapping their life!  
I have no money to send them,  
They cannot come at my call;  
No money? yet hundreds are wasting  
At my Lady-President's Ball!

"Hundreds, ay! hundreds of thousands  
In satins, jewels, and wine,  
French dishes for dainty stomachs  
(While the black broth sickens mine!)  
And jellies, and fruits, and cold ices,  
And fountains that flash as they fall,  
O God! for a cup of cold water  
From the Lady-President's Ball!

"Nurse! bring me my uniform ragged—  
Ha! why did you blow out the light?  
Help me up—though I'm aching and giddy,  
I must go to my dear ones to-night!  
Wife! mother! grown weary with waiting,  
I'm coming! I'll comfort ye all!"  
And the private sank dead while they revelled  
At my Lady-President's Ball!

It is proper to say in justice to Mrs. LINCOLN, that there was no *dancing*. There was music—there was revelry and all the accompaniments. We may, when occasion offers, speak at some length, and give the reasons *why* this "Ball" caused so much talk and excitement beyond the mere fact of its being held during a time of war and great suffering in the army, and the poverty-stricken condition of thousands of wives and mothers left helpless at home. Since the Presidency of JOHN Q. ADAMS, this species of select parties has never occurred at the White House.—  
ED. CRIISIS.



1913

*Lincoln's Worth*

---

Slowly we come to learn thy worth,  
O, genial man! oh, modest sage!  
Slowly we come to see we've lost  
The grandest spirit of the age.

So near we felt the loving heart,  
Gentle and warm tow'rd all mankind,  
We ne'er look up to see ourselves  
O'ershadowed by the mighty mind.

Now scarce we know which we most miss,  
The leaders' mind or brother's heart;  
And scarce we know which most we prize,  
The brother's love or leader's art.

The world with us will prize them both;  
To us alone they were not given;  
Like light and air, to all mankind,  
They were a common gift of Heaven.

Not we alone thy death deplored,  
Not we alone thy absence weep;  
The world through all the ages hence  
Thy name shall love, thy fame shall keep.

—Dennis B. Dorsey in "The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth  
of Abraham Lincoln." Illinois.

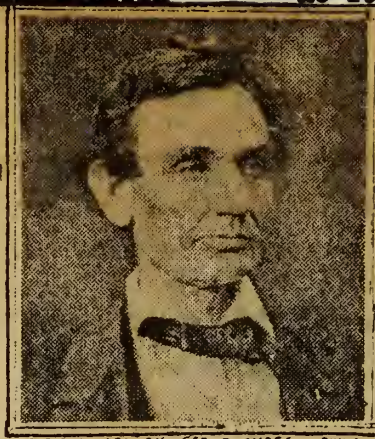
## Abraham Lincoln

Lincoln! My Lincoln! What gift have you given  
Greater than wealth and gold alone—  
More precious than gems and untold riches  
Of pompous monarchs on their throne?  
Yea, lovelier far!—for 'twas God bestowed it  
Upon an awkward backwoods youth,  
Who sought the whole wide universe—  
Tender birds and wild things, for the truth,

Lincoln! My Lincoln! What song did you sing  
To the daily grind and unceasing toil,  
That sharpened the wits and sweetened the soul  
As you tilled the stubborn soil?  
What dream did you dream that marked the trend,  
That in the slow dimming candle light  
Kept the spark burning against the blast,  
And the chilling bleak of the night?

Lincoln! My Lincoln! The chain is unshackled!  
Though tinged with crimson—the victory won!  
And the song you sang on the field of toil—  
Still rings in the heart of each mother's son.  
Great achievement, honor and glory are thine!  
But, my Lincoln, what gift have you given?  
The voice of humanity calls aloud to proclaim—  
"And the answer is whispered in Heaven!"

—EDNA ALEEN DOUGLAS

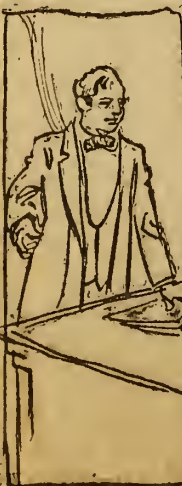
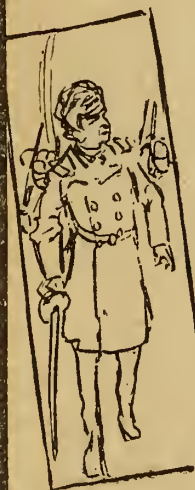


*The San Francisco Call - 2 - 12 - 09*

## LINCOLN

By Dr. C. W. Doyle

The following poem was written shortly before his death about six years ago by the late Dr. C. W. Doyle of Santa Cruz. It is here published for the first time.



He looked with steadfast eyes beyond the gloom  
That gathered o'er his country; saw the light  
Dawn in an east of peace, though tears his sight  
Bedimmed, and hell of battle, and the fume  
Of headlong charge; he heard above the boom  
Of cannons' thunder---in the hottest fight,  
And when man's lust for blood was at its height---  
The voice of God: he saw beyond the tomb.

The heaviest load that son of man e'er bore,  
The sorrows of a world, were on him laid;  
The greatest soul that ever lived with fire  
Was tried by God. He bore the burden sore,  
Like to his brother Christ, all undismayed,  
And now with God he has his heart's desire.





# "The Rail-Splitter"

1809—1919

By Paul Harris Drake

**G**REAT martyred friend of Humankind—  
Unswerving in thy zeal for right—  
Thy natal day, by fate assigned,  
Breaks on the world with welcome light.

Thy principles, of flawless plan,  
Still find in thy successor true  
A champion of the Rights of Man—  
Calm, resolute and sweet—as YOU.

While statesmen vent their lust for power  
And captains prate of "other wars,"  
In this, the World's most fateful hour,  
We seek thy counsel: Make us pause!

Still let thy high example stand—  
A tow'r of strength in just rebuke  
To every ruthless, greedy hand—  
Of premier, delegate or duke.

Thy life is still the beacon light  
To guide the nations on their way  
As, groping, they emerge from night,  
And, chastened, greet the dawning day!

Dear Lincoln, of the kindly heart,  
Clear eye and rugged frame uncouth,  
Still be to us the counterpart  
Of JUSTICE, FREEDOM, LOVE and TRUTH!

*Thom - Doctor American  
July 12th - 19*



## The Journal of the National Educational Association

February, 1926. p. 54.

## The Lincoln Memorial

MARIE DRENNAN

Delaware, Ohio

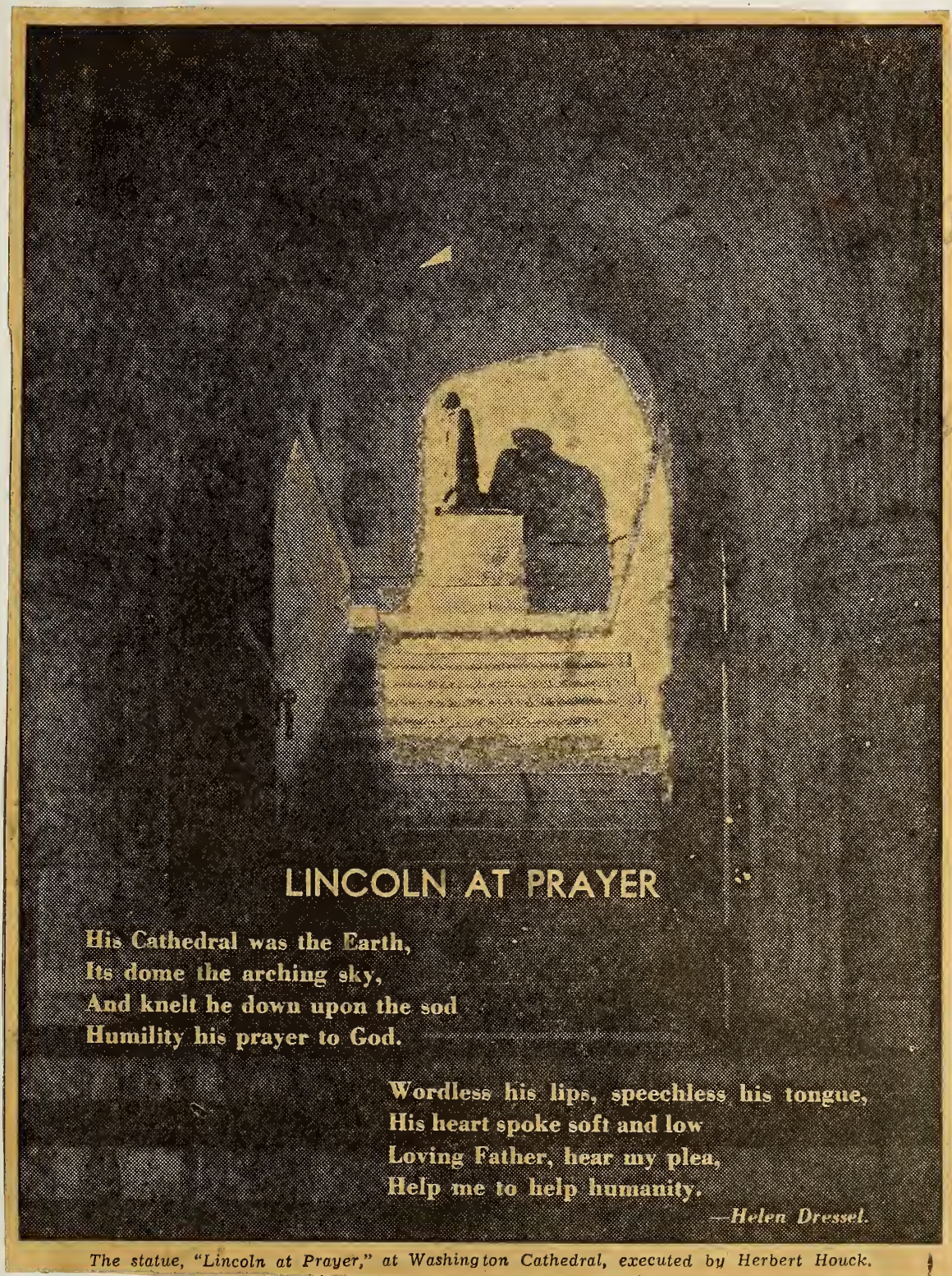
You oughta see our lil' ol' run  
That winds itself towa'd Washington!  
Down there we used to play and play  
In the bricky, sticky 'Ginia clay,  
And we made us fo'ts rat good to see—  
'Lil' ones for Grant, big ones for Lee,  
'N' Sherman's sojers, stiff and dead,  
'N' ol Abe Lincoln's neck and head.  
(My great-grandpa, he wore the gray.  
He used to hem and haw and say  
That Lincoln was a great, good man,  
The only good Republican!)

Miss Edith came to teach our school;  
'N' she had clay-gobs slick and cool  
That turned to things rat in yo' hand.  
I made the major that struts the band  
With the lady's muff on top his head,  
But Jerry made a duck instead.  
And I made niggers and Chinamen,  
And I made Lincoln's face again.  
Miss Edith was crazy 'bout what I'd done  
And she tooked me down to Washington.

She showed me Lincoln a-sittin' still  
In his big house there on the hill,  
With round tall posts so high and far  
You're scart to see how tall they are;  
And his big-round eyes a watchin' down  
Acrost the buildin's of the town,  
Watchin' the men from every state  
Workin' to make our nation great.  
His big-ol thumbs are a-twitchin' there  
To grab the wide arms of his chair.  
'N' everything he's a-doin' seems  
A-waitin' for something that he dreams  
Is a-comin' true, then up he'll stand  
And make a speech to all the land.  
My eye, I wisht I'd stay and see  
What that big speech is goin' to be.

But now it seems I can not play  
I'm a-makin' Lincoln out o' clay.  
I'll make the bandman with his muff  
On top his head, and that's enough.  
Gee, think o' the man that cut a stone  
And left a Lincoln there alone,  
With his big-round eyes on the mornin' sun  
A-comin' up on Washington!





## LINCOLN AT PRAYER

His Cathedral was the Earth,  
Its dome the arching sky,  
And knelt he down upon the sod  
Humility his prayer to God.

Wordless his lips, speechless his tongue,  
His heart spoke soft and low  
Loving Father, hear my plea,  
Help me to help humanity.

—Helen Dressel.

The statue, "Lincoln at Prayer," at Washington Cathedral, executed by Herbert Houck.



"Well did Patriots  
know the worth"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

From Hessler's Famous, Campaign Picture of the Emancipator, the Last Picture of Lincoln Made Before He Grew a Beard.

## LINCOLN

(Written for The Binghamton Press.)

Well did Patriots know the worth  
Of one who was the Nation's friend,  
The loyal soul of all the North,  
In whom did love and courage blend.

Well knew the citizen the faith  
That led that soul thro' all the strife;  
Unyielding to the day of death,  
He felt the Nation's pulse and life.

Not from the house of princes grand  
Come forth the saviors of the race;  
To humble comm'ner of the land  
We still the seers and prophets trace.

A seer, indeed, a prophet true,  
A heart that took the Nation in,  
A captain he who always knew  
What justice meant and how to win.

The soldiers loved him as he stood,  
With stately form and lofty mien,  
And caught the words he spoke for good  
To them who knew the battle scene.

Not all we say in speech or song  
Can justice do a life so great;  
Let ages only say how strong  
He is as measured by the state.

This monument we all should raise,  
In sweet remembrance of his name—  
Still let our deeds reflect his praise,  
Our halls of state preserve his fame.

—By Rev. T. L. Drury.

## I

## LINCOLN MEMORIAL

God must have loved the common people,  
He made so many of them.

Abraham Lincoln loved them, too,  
And from all the States,  
The young, the old, the poor,  
The happy and the heavy-laden,  
After all the years,  
And all the sorrows,  
And all the glories,  
Here come to visit him.  
The North is here,  
And the South returning,  
Knowing him at last for friend.  
Here they find quietness,  
Here take strength.

"It's kind of peaceful here, "Tom Clapham says -  
Custodian now, horse sergeant once,  
Cuba, the Islands, kinsman of the breed  
That saw the sabers flash at Brandy Station);  
"It rests a fellow."  
Tom and the others count them:  
One million,  
One million, six hundred thousand,  
In a year.

Massachusetts, Alabama,  
Texas, Maine, Louisiana,  
Kansas, Oregon, Nebraska,  
Chant the roll-call of the States,  
They remember, and are troubled, and they come.

These carven words he spoke at Gettysburg,  
And those up yonder at the Capitol,  
The month before he died.  
(The dome was finished then, the Union saved -  
They hadn't been, four years before.)

O Father Abraham,  
O Liberator,  
What message for us now?



## II

Never toll the bell, never summon  
The unreturning dead.  
But do you remember  
Ann Rutledge of New Salem?  
Did you in that far Summer,  
Losing her, learn to pity  
The pain and grief of a nation?  
Do you think of her now  
You, in marble, immortal,  
The son of log cabins  
Now cabined in columns of Stone?  
Do you see her, await her,  
Where the willows shiver,  
Where the waters mirror,  
Where history marches  
With shouting and thunder of drums?  
Does she say to you, dear in the dust,  
Pity them, Abraham?

With malice toward none -  
Please suspend execution of Adam Davies  
Till further order from me -  
If you haven't shot  
Barney D. yet, don't -  
I am unwilling for any boy  
Under eighteen to be shot -  
Let this woman have her boy -  
With charity for all.

And still you ponder.  
Pity is not enough.  
We are still not free,  
Neither black nor white,  
Neither North nor South.  
We march, forever.  
In darkness the columns wind  
Over the ridges, down the valleys,  
Along the singing rivers,  
To the roaring of guns,  
To the enemy waiting,  
In darkness, at noontide.  
Still dance the banners,  
Still flash the bayonets,  
Still echoes the battle yell,  
And still men hope,  
And still men kill,  
And still men die - for liberty.

### III

Richmond falls,  
Lee surrenders,  
The bells ring.  
But yo r eyes are mournful.  
No victory yet, no victory,  
No victory for the dead,  
No victory for those bowed down,  
No victory of men's souls  
Over the bayonets, the evil artillery,  
The battalions of hate,  
The armies of despair.

Yet victory for you, Abraham Lincoln.  
For you, forever,  
The Union and the people,  
The living and unborn,  
Must bear a burden;  
For you, the merciful,  
The teller of tales, the maker of laughter,  
For you, the demanding;  
Conscience will gnaw them,  
Pity invade them,  
Courage command them.

The firm lips open,  
The sad eyes are humble;  
I was not great.  
Out of this people,  
Sinning, sorrowing,  
Suffering, laughing,  
Wasting, building,  
Greatness came,  
When God calls, this people answers.

It is for you, the living,  
Rather to be dedicated here -

Massachusetts, Alabama,  
Texas, Maine, Louisiana,  
Kansas, Oregon, Nebraska,  
Chant the roll-call of the States.  
Million-voiced the answer:  
Freedom  
Shall no perish from the earth.

Lincoln

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

Hurt was the nation with a mighty  
wound,  
And all her ways were filled with  
clam'rous sound.  
Wailed loud the South with unremit-  
ting grief,  
And wept the North that could not  
find relief.  
Then madness joined its harshest tone  
to strife;  
A minor note swelled in the song of  
life.  
'Till, stirring with the love that filled  
his breast,  
But still, unflinching at the right's  
behest,  
Grave Lincoln came, strong-handed,  
from afar,  
The mighty Homer of the lyre of war.  
'Twas he who bade the raging tem-  
pest cease,  
Wrenched from his heart the har-  
mony of peace,  
Muted the strings that made the dis-  
cord—Wrong,  
And gave his spirit up in thund'rous  
song.  
O mighty Master of the mighty lyre,  
Earth heard and trembled at thy  
strains of fire:  
Earth learned of thee what Heav'n  
already knew,  
And wrote thee down among her  
treasured few.



**T**HIS birthday was the last.  
 Yet President Lincoln's eyes  
 Were almost newly hopeful,  
 Seeming to see through archways  
 Of a dim, shadowed forest into peace.  
 The black, the fathomless, the oceanic  
 Wilderness of woe in which he dwelt  
 Through many an endless night,  
 While war-worn soldiers more peacefully  
 Slept on the naked ground;  
 And even the wounded in dim-lit hospital wards  
 Escaped from pain among the dreamed cornfields  
 Of Iowa, and the fevered images of green hills  
 In Vermont, and the waves beating on the dear  
 Familiar coasts of Maine:  
 This anguish began to lift a little.  
 This torment began to cease.  
 Soon it would end. Soon now. Soon.

**O**N this birthday, the fifty-sixth,  
 No holiday yet, not made gay with flags,  
 Celebrated only by a kiss from Mary, or a gift,  
 A new cravat, a pocket handkerchief,  
 He let his memories  
 Wander among the silences:  
 New Salem and the Rutledge store,  
 And the river flowing, the watery way  
 Southward toward slavery,  
 Toward sorrow, hate and war;  
 The slow discovery within himself, in his own soul,  
 Pursuing, not to be denied, and not escaped,  
 Of power, and destiny and death.  
 Humble, yet taking the sceptre in the hand  
 That once had grasped the hewer's axe;  
 Merciful, yet doomed to lift the sword.

O dreadful sword!  
 The agony was on him evermore,  
 The names of battles, heard to the telegraph's tick,  
 Seared to his heart, and burned and burned,  
 Victory prayed for, but victory paid for, too.  
 Boys studying history long years to come  
 Would thrill to martial echoes,  
 Lust for glory,  
 But for him Shiloh,  
 Vicksburg, Antietam, Gettysburg,  
 Cold Harbor and the Wilderness,  
 Were steel thrust deep into the breast.  
 Was this God's will, was this the road.  
 To freedom, this the everlasting dream?

**H**E had lived in night.  
 There was no laughter in this lonesome gloom.  
 By daytime he had jested to keep sane,  
 Twisting his great frame round a convenient chair,  
 Laughing in silences when lesser men were mute.  
 But in the dark hours the brooding visions came.  
 He saw the aproned mother in her kitchen,  
 In Ohio, and in Georgia, too,  
 In Alabama, Texas and New York,  
 The red skin of apples flying under deft fingers,  
 The crust rolled out softly,  
 But the boy returned no more, no more forever.

He saw the father patient like his oxen,  
 Lantern-lighted, the great shadows leaping,  
 In the barn, in early morning,  
 Or plowing or chopping in the woodlot—  
 But no son to ease his burden when he grew weary.  
 He saw the white arms of young women, empty,  
 In the moonlight merciless through bright windows,  
 On beds where they lay lonely, sorrowing, childless,  
 Forsaken by their lovers  
 For freedom the rival mistress,  
 For dark-haired death, from whose embraces  
 There was no returning.

**B**UT now, soon, freedom would itself be free,  
 The young be free to love,  
 The strong to work.  
 The ransom had been paid.  
 Or had it?  
 He had dreamed that dream  
 Of a ship moving,  
 Of a dim shore,  
 Of a people mourning.  
 Perhaps this was for those already dead,  
 Perhaps —.

President Lincoln thought of Mary Lincoln.  
 They'd have time together now,  
 There could be smiles now  
 And not merely the laughter  
 That thinly overrides  
 The passion of a breaking heart.  
 A woman might have missed the tenderness  
 Taken from her to spend upon a nation.

**T**HE lines in the strong, gentle, tortured face  
 Relaxed. Soon there would be time for mercy,  
 A rare luxury, doled out drop by drop in war,  
 In peace a flood of warmth and love,  
 Flowing like the Mississippi southward.  
 To the Gulf.  
 He would make war on hate now, bloodless war,  
 Bind up the wounds of those on either side,  
 Comfort the sorrowing,  
 Build the nation new, and all men brothers.  
 No easy task, for some men loved to hate,  
 But one he could endure,  
 One final victory he could achieve.  
 Let Grant strike hard,  
 Let him strike, and finish, and forgive—  
 And be forgiven!  
 Let all the Nation, North and South,  
 Fall down before the knees of God and pray  
 For mercy for its sins, and rise clear-eyed  
 And strong, to plow, to plant, to build, to hope.

A shiver, a dim foreboding, a ship moving,  
 The tolling of bells and multitudes weeping,  
 Women weeping in Nebraska.  
 And the low murmur of sorrow in Wisconsin,  
 And women in New Hampshire crying as they  
 sewed.  
 He shook this mood off.  
 There was so much to do!





2/11/64  
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## Lincoln.

## I.

BEAR him toward the setting sun—  
Home to his mecca in the West:  
There, where the mighty rivers run,  
Make him a grave in his country's breast.

## II.

Close to the heart of the mourning land,—  
Close to its beating, O lay him down!  
Lay him, O nation, with loving hand—  
Lay him, the Ruler without a crown!

## III.

Not with the pomp of an idle hour,  
Not with the mockery of art,  
Not with the empty show of power,—  
But with the pageantry of the heart.

## IV.

Bear him across the prairies wide,  
Over the mountain's sunny verge,  
Over the rivers whose breathing tide  
Chants for the dead its grandest dirge.

## V.

Lay him beside the violet bed,  
Lay him beneath his native sod,  
Under the grass with clover red,  
And bright with th' approving smile of God.

## VI.

Hallow'd the place where you lay him down,  
While numberless ages lapse away,  
Marked with the Martyr's cross and crown  
And bright with the dawn of Liberty's day.

## VII.

For, though no marble urn arise  
Above the grave that holds his dust,  
And though no pillar pierce the skies,  
Nor 'scutcheon high, nor sculptured bust;

## VIII.

Still, long as the stars shall kiss the sea,  
Long as the rolling earth shall move,  
His name his monument shall be  
Reared in the living heart of love.

CALEB DUNN.

N.Y. Tribune

4/25/65

Durkin, C.J.

"God bless his home we love."

## Daughter Of Union Soldier Pens Poem On Lincoln's Home

*Ill. State Register 2-12-1924*

"Lincoln, His Home We Love," is the name of the poem written by Mrs. Clara Jewell Durkin, 921 North Sixth street, in honor of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, which she has set to music. Mrs. Durkin has written several other memorial poems, one of which was awarded first prize

in a contest on "Springfield, My Old Home Town." Mrs. Durkin's father, John F. Jewell, was a Union soldier in the Civil war.

The poem follows:

"God bless our old home land,  
Where Lincoln memories stand,  
His old Home we love.  
A shelter of the Free,  
That ever more will be  
Dear in our memory:  
His old home we love

"Inspiring City—grand,  
With Sacred hallowed land,  
Is this home we love.  
Here where his feet have tread,  
As bravely on he led,  
To victory where heroes bled  
For this land we love.

"Now rests our martyr here,  
Beneath that silent Bler,  
In this Home we love.  
And may our Banner wave,  
In honor, o'er his grave,  
The flag he sought to save.  
For this home we love."



# PENNSYLVANIA FOR THE UNION.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! she's blazing up at last,  
Like a red furnace, molten with Freedom's rushing blast!  
From all her mines the war-light shines, and out  
Of her iron hills  
The glorious fire leaps higher and higher, till all  
The land it fills;  
From valleys green and mountains blue her yeomanry arouse,  
And leave the forges burning, and the oxen at their ploughs;  
Up from highland and headland they muster in forest and plain,  
By the blaze of their fiery beacons, in the land of Anthony Wayne.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! her sons are clasping hands,  
Down from the Alleghanies, and up from Jersey's sands;  
Juniata fair to the Delaware is winding her bugle bars;  
And the Susquehanna, like warlike banner, is bright with Stripes and Stars;  
And the hunter scours his rifle, and the boatman grinds his knife,  
And the lover leaves his sweetheart, and the husband leaves his wife;  
And the women go out in the harvest, and gather the golden grain,  
While the bearded men are marching in the land of Anthony Wayne.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! through every vale and glen,  
Beating like resolute pulses, she feels the tread of men;  
From Erie's lake her legions break—from Tuscarora's gorge—  
And with ringing shout they are tramping out from brave old Valley Forge;  
And up from the plains of Paoli the minute-men march once more,  
And they carry the swords of their fathers, and the flags their fathers bore;  
And they swear, as they rush to battle, that never shall cowardly stain  
Dishonor a blade or a banner in the land of Anthony Wayne.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! she fears no traitor hordes;  
Bulwarked on all her borders by loyal souls and swords,  
From Delaware's strand to Maryland, and bright Ohio's marge,  
Each freeman's hand is her battle-brand, each freeman's heart her targe;  
And she stands like an ocean breakwater in fierce Rebellion's path,  
And shivers its angry surges, and baffles its frantic wrath;  
And the tide of Slavery's treason shall dash on her in vain—  
Rolling back from the ramparts of Freedom—from the land of Anthony Wayne.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! We hear her sounding call,  
Ringling out Liberty's summons from Independence Hall!  
That tocsin rang with Iron clang in the Revolution's hour,  
And 'tis ringing again, through the hearts of men, with a terrible glory and power;  
And all the people hear it—that mandate old and grand:  
"Proclaim to the uttermost nation that Liberty rules the land!"  
And all the people chant it—that brave and loyal strain—  
On the borders of Pennsylvania—the land of Anthony Wayne.

Hurrah for Pennsylvania! And let her soldiers march  
Under the Arch of Triumph—the Union's star-lit Arch!  
With banners proud, and trumpets loud, they come from border fray—  
From the battle-fields where hearts were shields to bar the invader's way!  
Hurrah for Pennsylvania! Her soldiers well may march  
Beneath her ancient banner—the Keystone of our Arch!  
And all the mighty Northland will swell the triumph train  
From the land of Pennsylvania—the land of Anthony Wayne.



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## EVENING TRANSCRIPT.

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 13, 1864.

[For the Transcript.]

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE POOR WOMAN.

BY M. A. D.

"I'd like to see the President,"

A timid woman said—  
A poor and tidy gown she wore,  
And on her whitening head  
A bonnet, faded as her hair,  
But comely still with decent care.

Around, on costly couches, sat  
Statesmen of high degree,  
And, conscious of their greatness, she  
Stood back most patiently,  
Till some coarse menial, with a smile,  
Whispered that she must wait awhile—

Then muttered "green," with many a wink,  
Till every glance was turned  
On the poor woman, gray and old,  
While hot her thin cheeks burned  
With wounded feelings, griefs and fears,  
And her dim eyes were filled with tears.

And still the hours rolled onward—still  
The mighty came and went—  
But all neglected stood the dame,  
Nor saw the President;  
While those whom fortune favors told  
Their pompous tales of fame and gold.

And so the sun came fainter down  
Upon the brilliant floor;  
The aged woman started at  
The opening of a door,  
And one who caught her haggard eye  
All sudden stopped, through sympathy.

"Oh! sir," she said—"these many hours  
I've waited patiently;  
Perhaps the President cannot  
Be seen by such as I;  
I'm poor, and old—and careworn too—  
And he has burdens not a few."

The stranger turned—a sudden light  
Seemed kindled in his eye—  
He spoke with kindly tone and mein,  
With gentle gravity—  
"They should have sent you in to me  
Before they did the rest," said he.

The old dame flushed with quick surprise,—  
Was this the nation's chief?  
This grave, tall man, who, pitying, said,  
"Come—tell me all your grief.  
The poor and needy never went  
Unaided from the President."

She told her simple tale—he heard,  
With royal gentleness—  
Then, as her wrongs his interest woke,  
He promised her redress,  
And, gazing on the silvered head,  
He smiled to see her comforted.

"Thank God!" and freely fell her tears:  
"Our land is blest," she said,  
"When one who honors poverty  
Stands nobly at its head.  
It an old woman's henison be  
Of any weight or worth to thee,

I give it, from a grateful heart,  
And heaven will surely hear.  
God bless thee, Abraham Lincoln—bless  
All that thou holdest dear,  
And make thee glorious in the land,  
Now smitten by the oppressor's hand,

And make thee strong to dare and do,  
Even though the proud condemn,  
And keep thee honest, brave and true,  
Till thou hast conquered them;  
And ere thou diest thou shalt see,  
Through God's good grace, a nation free."

M. A. D.

9  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE POOR OLD WOMAN

"I'd like to see the President"

## WISCONSIN.

The following lines were written by Mrs. Dyer, who is past 90 years of age, a shut-in, and much-beloved member of Hudson Relief Corps:

## Some Things Lincoln Never Saw or Heard.

He never saw a submarine,  
 Aeroplane, or limousine,  
 A motor truck or traction plow,  
 Or patent milker for the cow.  
 While we see thousands every night,  
 He saw not one electric light,  
 Typewriter or telephone,  
 Victrola or a megaphone,  
 An auto car or a mason jar,  
 Electric fan or fountain pen,  
 Piano player or X-rayer,  
 An incubator or separator,  
 An elevator or percolator.  
 He never heard the sound  
 Of a railroad running underground.  
 He did not know that S O S  
 Was a wireless signal of distress.  
 He never saw a movie show,  
 Nor listened in on radio.  
 He did not—sitting by his fire—  
 Hear a San Francisco choir.  
 A hundred things, both great and small,  
 Never came his way at all.

---

I give it up; make out your list  
 And name the things that I have missed.

## Things He Did See and Hear.

He saw a land of factions torn  
 With a load too heavy to be borne.  
 He saw the war cloud's frightful form,  
 He heard the muttering of the storm.  
 He knew no power on earth could save  
 A land half free and one-half slave.  
 For years, thru war and bloody strife,  
 He strove to save the Nation's life.  
 Dissolved the Union must not be,  
 But firmer stand with men all free.  
 His hope and courage sorely tried,  
 But the Nation lived and slavery died.  
 What awful cost, what price was paid,  
 What bitter sacrifice was made.

Ask of these men with footsteps slow,  
 Whose heads are white as Winter Snow.  
 Well may we keep with pride and mirth  
 The day that saw brave Lincoln's birth.  
 Lincoln! the name we all revere;  
 Lincoln! the name we hold so dear;  
 Grand champion of Liberty,  
 The great man of his century.

### A PATRIOTIC CREED.

[EDGAR ALBERT GUEST.]

To serve my country day by day  
 At any humble post I may;  
 To honor and respect her flag,  
 To live the traits of which I brag;  
 To be American in deed  
 As well as in my printed creed.

To stand for truth and honest toil,  
 To till my little patch of soil,  
 And keep in mind the debt I owe  
 To them who died that I might know  
 My country, prosperous and free,  
 And passed this heritage to me.

I always must in trouble's hour  
 Be guided by the men in power;  
 For God and country I must live,  
 My best for God and country give;  
 No act of mine that men may scan  
 Must shame the name American.

To do my best and play my part,  
 American in mind and heart;  
 To serve the flag and bravely stand  
 To guard the glory of my land;  
 To be American in deed:  
 God grant me strength to keep this creed!

[From the Boston Traveller.]

To "Punch."

ON READING HIS LINES ON "ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
FOULLY ASSASSINATED, APRIL 14, 1865."

Yes! lay one laurel more on Lincoln's grave,  
Thou, whose relentless hand to shame so long  
That noble and heroic nature gave,  
Nor blush to say that thou hast done him wrong.

Draw near, while yet a mourning nation's tears  
Are falling fast above their martyred dead,  
Nor fear to own, throughout the coming years,  
That thou, in bitter shame, hast bowed thy head.

Bring thy sad tribute hither, while we lay  
Our earth to earth, our dust unto its dust;  
And, standing by that new-made grave to-day,  
Unto thyself, and to the dead, be just!

Those eyes, now closed in the eternal night,  
Turn not on thee with unforgiving gaze;  
That soul, in heavenly patience self-possessed,  
Stood far above thy blame, nor asks thy praise.

That form, deemed all unfit for courtly grace,  
Ne'er sought, or cared, the applause of courts to  
win;

Enough for him, that Africa's long crushed race  
Say, "through this man, we too, stand up as men."

Beneath that garb, though rustic called, and plain,  
Beat the warm, sympathizing heart that sped  
Across the seas kind words to comfort pain,  
When England's widowed queen bent o'er her  
dead.

He stood, where men of meaner mould had quailed,  
Unheeding obloquy, reproach, or sneer;  
Oh, brave strong heart, the traitor's hand had failed  
To still thy throbbing, hadst thou but known fear.

Requiting ill with good, and wrong with right,  
Sopassed he on where duty led the way;  
Hearing one voice, and following but one light,  
Whether in fire by night, or cloud by day.

A mind that read the teachings of the past,  
Gleaning fresh wisdom for the present age,  
Where Heaven had joined not man might put apart,  
The child-like soul, the wisdom of the sage;

A heart that patiently, through years of strife,  
Bore, of a nation's woe, the heavy load,  
And, "faithful unto death," breathed out its life,  
True to itself, its kind, and to its God.

Let these suffice thee! By the Western wave,  
Again his rest, and peace, and home, is found;  
And, when thou standest beside Lincoln's grave,  
Remember that the spot is holy ground!

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

M. F. D.



